That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The ſpirit-ſtirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumſtance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall Engines, whoſe wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Iſt poſſible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be ſure of it, giue me the oculer proofe,
Or by the worth of mans eternall ſoule,
Thou hadſt bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Iſt come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't, or at the leaſt ſo proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doeſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce.
On horrors head, horrors accumilate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation ad greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a ſoule or ſence?
God buy you, take mine office, -- O wretched foole,
That liueſt to make thine honeſty a vice,
O monſtrous world, take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
I'le loue no friend, ſince loue breedes ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay ſtay, thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.

Iag. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſtie's a foole,
And looſes that it workes for:
I ſee ſir, you are eaten vp with paſſion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you,

You would be ſatisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how ſatisfied my Lord?
Would you, the ſuperuiſor groſſely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth. Death and damnation -- oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that proſpect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did ſee them boulſter
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this.
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As ſalt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as groſſe,
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon, that ſhee's diſloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But ſith I am enter'd into this cauſe ſo farre,
Prickt to't by fooliſh honeſty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Caſsio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not ſleep.
There are a kinde of men ſo looſe of ſoule,
That in their ſleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Caſsio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, Sweete *Deſdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then ſir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, ſweete creature, and then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſſed, and then
Cried, curſed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monſtrous, monſtrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.